

WILD BOY

The War of the Beasts: THE DRY GRIP OF DOOM 10c

Wild Boy

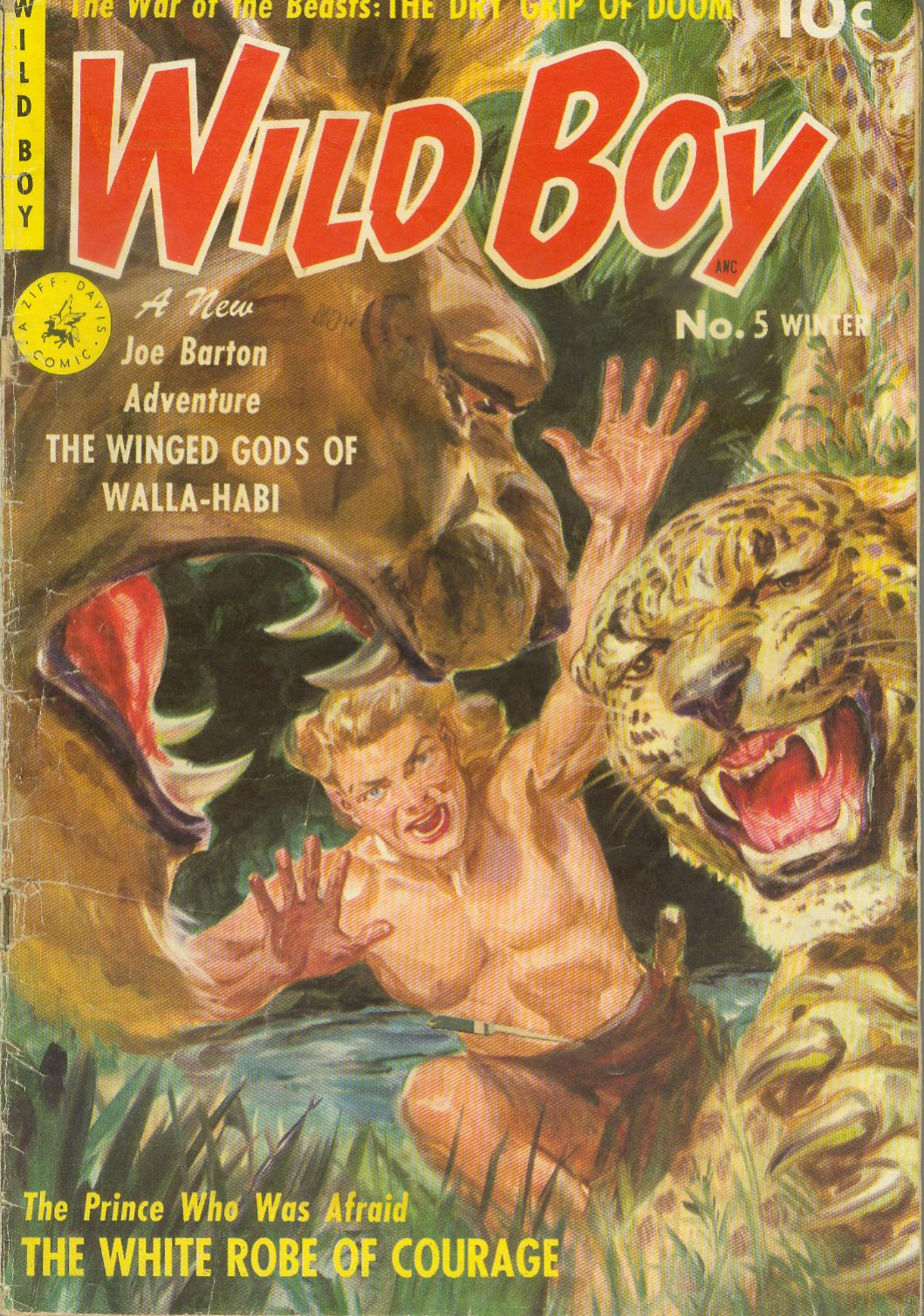


A New
Joe Barton
Adventure

No. 5 WINTER

**THE WINGED GODS OF
WALLA-HABI**

The Prince Who Was Afraid
THE WHITE ROBE OF COURAGE





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THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

NO WONDER THE NATIVES CALL THIS CLIMB A "WALK"! THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!

AFRICA IS NOT ALL JUNGLE! THE EQUATORIAL EASTERN PART OF THE DARK CONTINENT HAS, IN NORTH TANGANYIKA, ITS "MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON," FAMED IN FICTION AS "KILIMANTJARO," WITH THE "KIBO," WHOSE 19,896 FOOT ELEVATION MAKES IT ONE OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAKS.

RISING FROM THE JUNGLE FLOOR THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON TRY EVEN THE HARDEST MOUNTAINEERS! THE FIRST 5000 FEET OF CLIMBING ARE SO GRADUAL NO TROUBLE IS ENCOUNTERED.

THEN, WITH TERRIFYING SUDDENNESS, THE PATH BECOMES STEEP THE AIR GROWS THINNER.

GASP...LAUGHED TOO SOON! THIS IS TERRIBLE! CAN'T BREATHE... CAN'T GO ON!

COME ON, SIR! IT'S NOT MUCH FARTHER TO THE FIRST REST HUT!

FINALLY, AS DARKNESS BEGINS TO TAKE OVER, THE WEARY PARTY REACHES THE FIRST REST HUT, WHERE THEY WILL SPEND THE NIGHT.

MADE IT! BUT... BUT CAN NEVER GO ON FROM HERE!

MOVE SMARTLY THERE! GET OUT THE FOOD AND THE BEDDING!

THE NEXT MORNING THE GUIDES LEAVE AND THE CRUEL UPWARD STRUGGLE BEGINS ONCE MORE! TWO MORE DAYS OF PLODDING AND MAWENZIE, THE SECOND HIGHEST PEAK IS REACHED.

THERE SHE IS! KIBO! TOMORROW WE TACKLE IT!

ACROSS THAT SADDLE? WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

BUT, THANKS TO AN EXPERT GUIDE AND THE HUMAN WILL TO SUCCEED, THE PARTY DOES MAKE THE DANGEROUS CROSSING TO KIBO.

WE MADE IT! WE CONQUERED KILIMANTJARO'S HIGHEST PEAK!

AYE, AND VERY FEW HAVE EVER DONE IT! THIS IS THE HIGHEST POINT IN ALL AFRICA!

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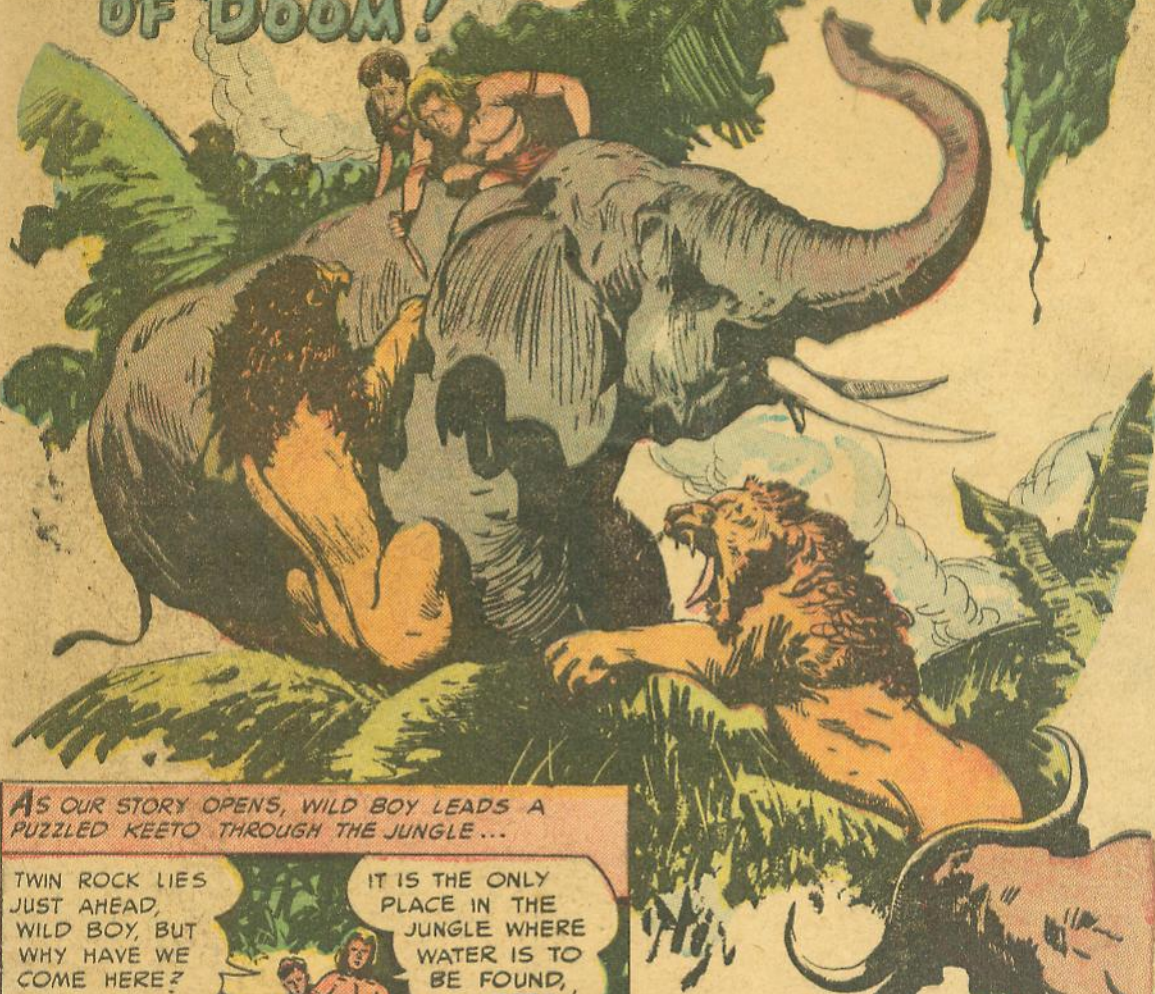
WILD BOY, Vol. 1, No. 5, WINTER 1951, Published quarterly by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis, Mo. and 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. William B. Ziff, Chairman of the Board; E. G. Davis, President; Vice Presidents—Michael H. Froelich, Director Eastern Division; H. J. Morganroth, Production Director; Lynn Phillips, Jr., Advertising Director; H. G. Strong, Circulation Director. G. E. Carney, Secretary-Treasurer. Herman R. Bollin, Art Director. Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Single copies 10c. Application for second class entry pending at Post Office, St. Louis, Mo. Subscription rates: In the U. S., Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions, \$1.20 for 12 issues; in all other countries \$2.20 for 12 issues. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

WILD BOY

in
The DRY GRIP
OF DOOM!

DROUGHT--AN ENEMY MORE DEADLY THAN FANG OR CLAW, FIERCE AND RELENTLESS, HELD THE JUNGLE IN ITS TERROR-GRIP. AND WILD BOY KNEW THAT ONLY ONE THING COULD SAVE HIS DOMAIN FROM... THE DRY GRIP OF DOOM!



AS OUR STORY OPENS, WILD BOY LEADS A PUZZLED KEETO THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

TWIN ROCK LIES JUST AHEAD, WILD BOY, BUT WHY HAVE WE COME HERE?

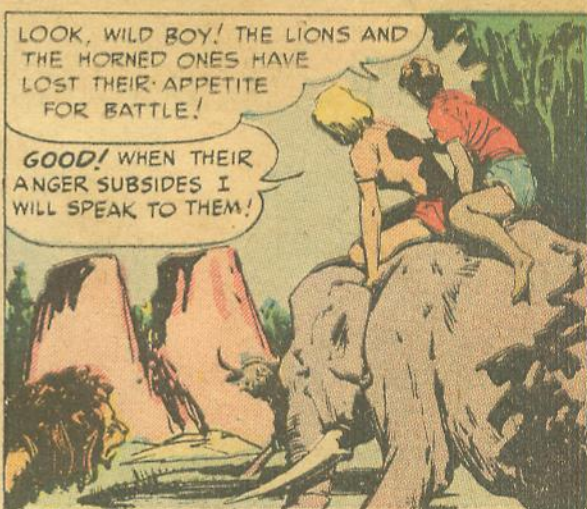
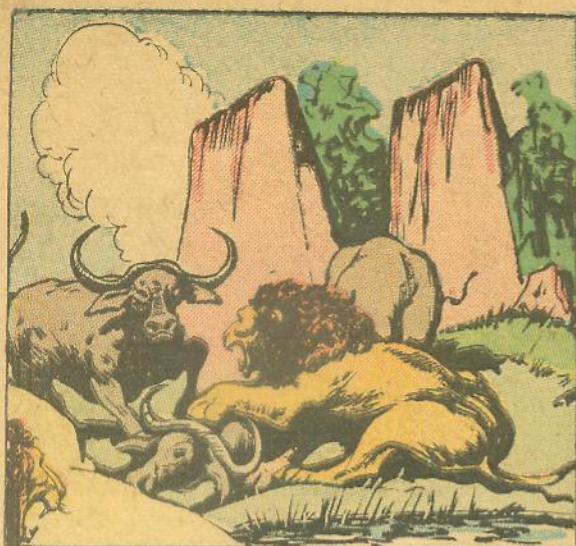
IT IS THE ONLY PLACE IN THE JUNGLE WHERE WATER IS TO BE FOUND, KEETO!



WHEN WATER IS SCARCE, THE DANGERS ARE MANY!

YOU ARE RIGHT, WILD BOY! LOOK!





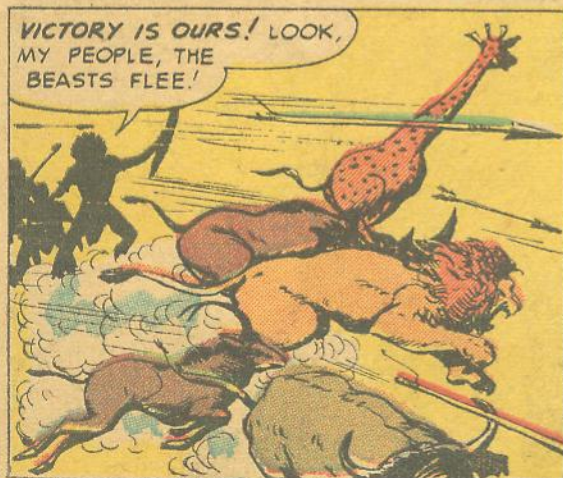
LATER, WILD BOY STANDS ON TWIN ROCK AND CALLS THE ANIMALS AROUND HIM. IN SOLEMN TONES, HE ISSUES A GRAVE WARNING TO THE ASSEMBLED THROG...



MEANWHILE, THE WAZUMI TRIBE, DRIVEN FROM THEIR KRAAL BY LACK OF WATER, SCOUTS THE JUNGLE FOR A NEW HOME...



GUIDED BY THE SCOUT, THE WAZUMI CAREFULLY MAKE THEIR WAY TO TWIN ROCK. THEN, WITH SUDDEN FURY, THEY STRIKE!



AND SOON THE DEFEATED BEASTS BRING THEIR SAD TIDINGS TO WILD BOY...

THE ANGRY VOICE OF THE KING OF BEASTS THUNDERS HIS DISPLEASURE



THE SITUATION IS VERY GRAVE, KEETO.

AYE, AND ALL YOUR EFFORTS TO BRING HARMONY AMONG OUR BROTHERS WILL BE DESTROYED! LISTEN TO THE ROAR OF THE LION!

WHAT? YOU SAY THAT YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS WILL ATTACK THOSE TWO-LEGGED INTRUDERS? DO NOT BE HASTY, FRIENDS!



YOUR RASH ACTION WOULD ONLY BRING MORE BLOODSHED TO THE JUNGLE! LET ME GO AND SPEAK TO THE WAZUMI! IF THEY WILL NOT LISTEN TO REASON, THEN WE WILL USE OTHER MEANS!

LATER, AT TWIN ROCK, THE HAPPY WAZUMI PEOPLE BEGIN TO CONSTRUCT THEIR NEW VILLAGE...

THE GODS HAVE SMILED UPON US, M'NIGO! SOON OUR KRAAL SHALL BE COMPLETE!



WHEN IT IS, CHIEF TAABA, WE MUST PREPARE A FITTING SACRIFICE FOR THEM! HOLD—WHO IS THAT APPROACHING?



IT IS **WILD BOY** AND HIS FRIENDS, M'NIGO! I HAVE HEARD MANY STORIES OF HIM AND HIS MEDDLING!

GREETINGS, MY FRIENDS, I WOULD SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT A VERY SERIOUS MATTER! YOU **MUST NOT** BUILD YOUR HOME HERE!

THIS WATER BELONGS TO **EVERYONE** IN THE JUNGLE... **MEN AND BEASTS ALIKE!** YOU ARE WELCOME TO SHARE IT, BUT YOU MUST NOT DENY ITS USE TO MY ANIMAL BROTHERS!

SILENCE, FOOL! NO ONE TELLS **TAABA** WHAT TO DO!





SEIZE THEM! ANYONE WHO OPPOSES OUR RIGHT TO BE HERE IS AN ENEMY!

THEY PREFER VIOLENCE TO REASON! FIGHT THEM OFF!



THE GOLDEN ONE FIGHTS LIKE A DEMON!

KEETO -- DARO... FOLLOW ME. THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM FOR US TO OVERCOME!



THEY HAVE TAKEN KEETO!

WE HAVE CAPTURED ONE OF THEM, O' CHIEF, BUT WILD BOY HAS ESCAPED!



NEVER MIND, WILD BOY! WE SHALL DISPOSE OF THIS STRIPLING-- THEN WILD BOY WILL TROUBLE US NO MORE!

HOLD, CHIEF, HE CAN SERVE US IN ANOTHER WAY-- AS A SACRIFICE TO OUR GODS!

SENSING THE DANGER OF KEETO'S PLIGHT, WILD BOY WASTES NO TIME. FLASHING THROUGH THE TREE-TOPS AND SPEEDING ON THE GROUND, HE VISITS MANY OF HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS, AND SOON...



YOU SAY YOU WILL COME WITH ME? EXCELLENT! LEAVE YOUR TREE-HOMES AND JOIN THE OTHERS BELOW!

THE WHOLE JUNGLE HAS BEEN AROUSED!



I HAVE ALWAYS TRIED TO AVOID FORCE, BUT THIS TIME WE MUST USE IT! REMEMBER MY INSTRUCTIONS TO YOU, FOR KEETO'S LIFE DEPENDS UPON US!

LATER, AT THE VILLAGE OF WAZUMI, A STRANGE RITE IS IN PROGRESS...



SUDDENLY, A BLUR OF WHITE STREAKS FROM THE TREES ABOVE...



THE WAZUMI FREED KEETO AND THEN, OBEYING THE COMMAND OF WILD BOY, THEY PREPARE TO LEAVE...



The End

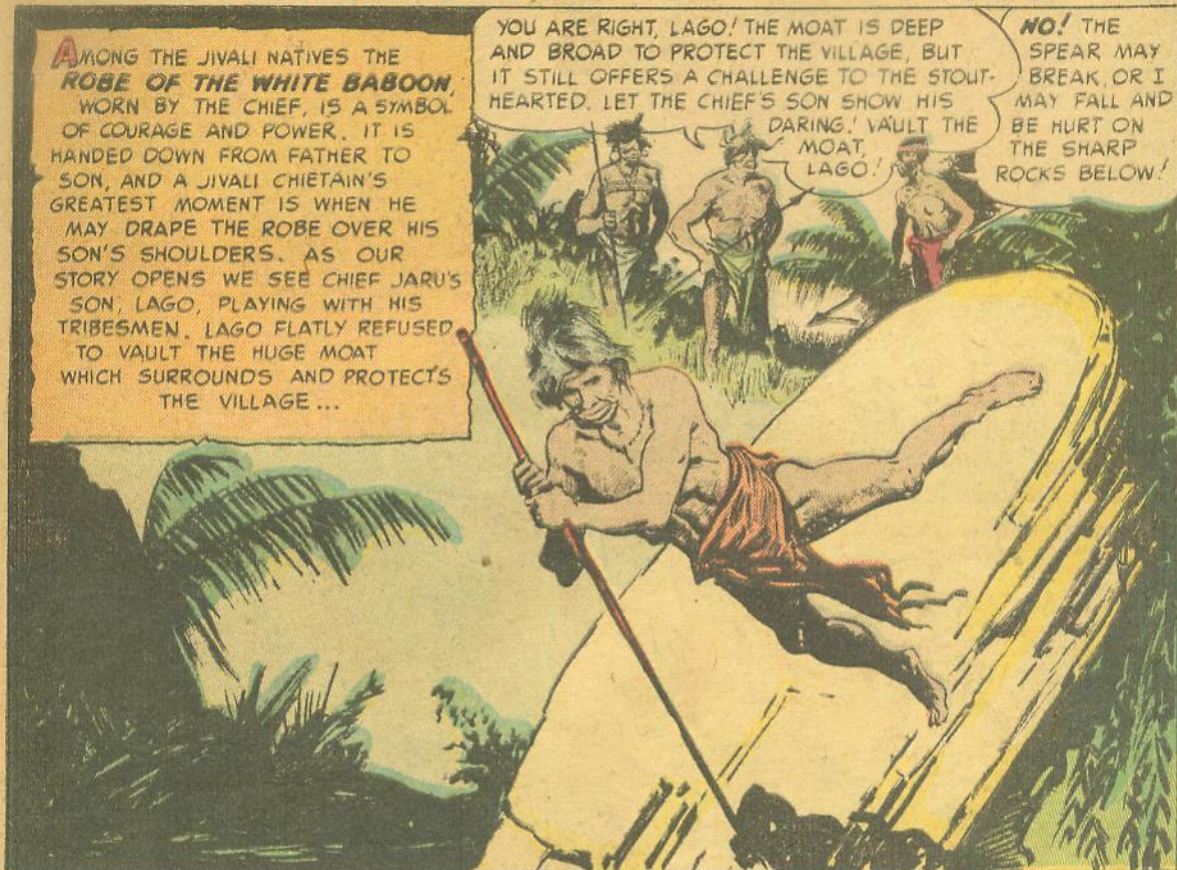
WILD BOY

IN "The **WHITE ROBE OF COURAGE!**"

AMONG THE JIVALI NATIVES THE **ROBE OF THE WHITE BABOON**, WORN BY THE CHIEF, IS A SYMBOL OF COURAGE AND POWER. IT IS HANDED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON, AND A JIVALI CHIEFTAIN'S GREATEST MOMENT IS WHEN HE MAY DRAPE THE ROBE OVER HIS SON'S SHOULDERS. AS OUR STORY OPENS WE SEE CHIEF JARU'S SON, LAGO, PLAYING WITH HIS TRIBESMEN. LAGO FLATLY REFUSED TO VAULT THE HUGE MOAT WHICH SURROUNDS AND PROTECTS THE VILLAGE...

YOU ARE RIGHT, LAGO! THE MOAT IS DEEP AND BROAD TO PROTECT THE VILLAGE, BUT IT STILL OFFERS A CHALLENGE TO THE STOUT-HEARTED. LET THE CHIEF'S SON SHOW HIS DARING! VAULT THE MOAT, LAGO!

NO! THE SPEAR MAY BREAK, OR I MAY FALL AND BE HURT ON THE SHARP ROCKS BELOW!



COWARD!
WEAKLING!

LOOK WHO IS TO INHERIT THE WHITE BABOON ROBE OF THE CHIEF! WHEN LAGO IS CHIEF, HE WILL LEAD US IN BATTLE FROM HIS HUT! HA! HA!



THE MAD BULL HIPPO HAS RETURNED!

RUN TO THE STOCKADE! WE'LL BE SAFE THERE!



LET ME PASS, CARAO! THE MAD HIPPO APPROACHES!

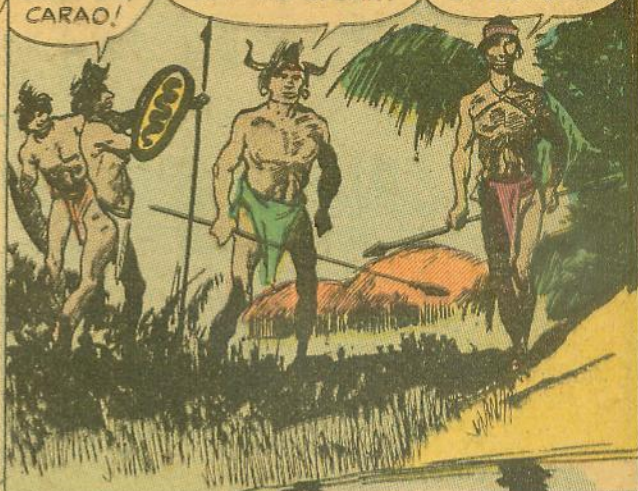
COWARDLY FOOL! HE CANNOT CROSS THE MOAT! IT IS TIME WE JIVALI KILLED THAT ROGUE BULL! ALL BRAVE WARRIORS TAKE SPEARS AND FOLLOW CARAO!



MY SPEAR IS READY! LEAD US, CARAO!

WE WILL WAIT FOR THE CHIEF'S SON TO LIFT HIS SPEAR!

I AM NOT GOING! IT IS DANGEROUS...



HERE IS YOUR SPEAR, LAGO! YOU ARE A CHIEF'S SON—JOIN THE HUNT!

NO, FATHER!—I AM YOUR SON, BUT I FEAR I AM NO HUNTER!



THE JIVALI HAVE FALLEN UPON EVIL DAYS! SINCE JARU BECAME CHIEF WE NO LONGER RAID OTHER TRIBES! WE HAVE GROWN SOFT—WITNESS THE COWARDICE OF THE CHIEF'S SON!

LAGO, TAKE THE SPEAR AND PROVE CARAO SPEAKS FALSELY!



NO! I CAN NOT LEAD THE HUNT!

THEN LEAVE THE JIVALI CAMP, AND DO NOT RETURN UNTIL YOU HAVE PROVEN YOU ARE WORTHY TO INHERIT THE WHITE ROBE!



I HAVE Sired A CRAVEN! I AM NOT FIT TO WEAR THE WHITE ROBE. NOR WILL I PASS THIS SYMBOL OF COURAGE ON TO MY UNWORTHY SON! HERE LET IT HANG AS A REMINDER OF LAGO'S COWARDICE!

IT WILL NOT HANG THERE LONG, JARU! A BRAVE ONE WILL SOON CLAIM IT! FOR CARAO GOES OUT TO SLAY THE BULL HIPPO!

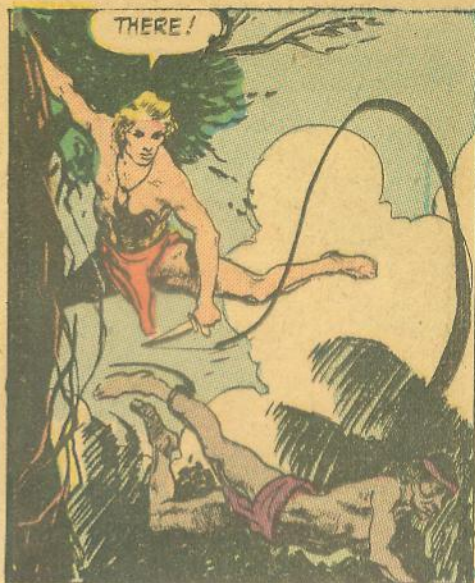


FEAR LOWERED IN SHAME, THE DISGRACED LAGO STUMBLES INTO THE JUNGLE. AND FROM A NEARBY TREE, WILD BOY WATCHES AS...



COME, DARO! THE JIVALI PRINCE IS CAUGHT IN A HUNTING SNARE!

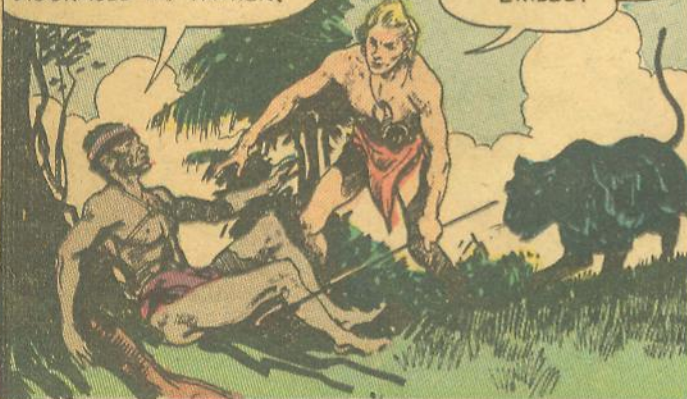
AIEEE!



THERE!

WHY DID YOU CUT ME DOWN, WILD BOY? BETTER TO HAVE DIED THAN TO LIVE ON, KNOWING THAT MY MISERABLE WEAKNESS HAS DISGRACED MY FATHER!

BETTER TO LIVE AND BRING HAPPINESS TO YOUR FATHER BY PERFORMING BRAVE DEEDS! COME, LAGO, THE LOST CITY WELCOMES EXILES!



LATER...

IF YOU FEAR THE JUNGLE, LAGO YOU ARE DEFEATED INDEED! THE ANIMALS CAN SENSE YOUR FEAR AND WILL ATTACK YOU! BUT, IF YOU LEARN TO FACE DANGER,

BUT I CANNOT RUN AS FAST, OR THROW THE SPEAR AS WELL AS THE OTHERS!

HALF YOUR BATTLE WILL BE WON!



HERE IS MY SPEAR, LAGO! I WILL TEACH YOU TO HIT THE DISTANT MARK! ONCE YOU STRIKE THE TARGET SQUARELY, CONFIDENCE WILL COME TO YOU AND YOUR FEARS WILL VANISH!

I WILL TRY, WILD BOY!



THE DAYS OF LEARNING PASS QUICKLY...

YOUR SPEAR MATCHED MINE, LAGO! NOW LET US SWIM!

WILD BOY HAS FAITH IN ME! I MUST TRY TO BE WORTHY OF HIS CONFIDENCE IN ME!



AT THE EMERALD RIVER, WILD BOY RACES AHEAD AND PLUNGES IN...



WILD BOY STROKES BOLDLY FOR SHORE, BUT THE ENRAGED BULL REACHES IT AT THE SAME INSTANT...



BUT WITH A SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED, THE KILLER TURNS AND CATCHES THE PANTHER IN MID-AIR...



THEN THE HIPPO VEERS AND CHARGES...





THE MADDENED BEAST BUCKS AND TWISTS, TRYING TO THROW OFF HIS TORMENTOR, AS LAGO STRIKES FOR THE KILL...

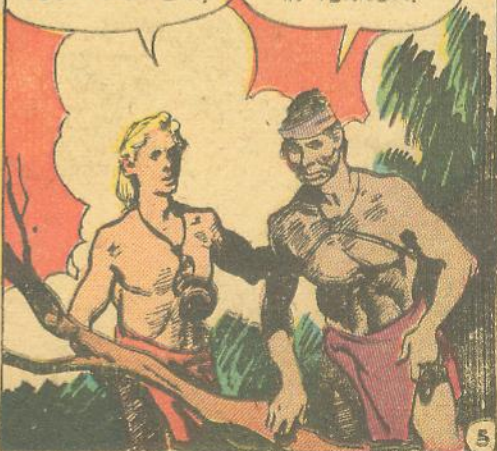


THE HUGE ANIMAL SHUDERS AND THEN SUDDENLY, PITCHES FORWARD ...



LAGO, YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE!
YOU HAVE PROVEN YOUR BRAVERY!

I-I AM NOT REALLY BRAVE, WILD BOY.
SEE HOW I SHAKE IN TERROR!



COURAGE IS NOT FOOLHARDINESS, LAGO, BUT AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE DANGER ONE FACES! ONLY THEN CAN YOU MEET IT BRAVELY! I, TOO, AM FRIGHTENED WHEN I GO INTO BATTLE! LOOK! KAW APPROACHES!



KAW SAYS THERE IS TROUBLE IN THE JAVALI VILLAGE!

PERHAPS CARAO AND HIS FOLLOWERS HAVE REBELLED AGAINST MY FATHER! LET US HASTEN THERE QUICKLY!



MEANWHILE, AT THE VILLAGE...

IF THE CHIEF DOES NOT WEAR HIS ROBE, HIS POWERS ARE GONE! AND IF HIS SON DOES NOT HAVE COURAGE ENOUGH TO CLAIM IT-- A **NEW** CHIEF MUST RULE!

THAT IS THE LAW OF THE JIVALI, JARU! PUT ON YOUR ROBE, OR YOUR DAYS AS CHIEF ARE OVER!



SINCE MY SON IS A COWARD, I HAVE VOWED NOT TO WEAR THE WHITE ROBE!

THEN I WILL WEAR THE ROBE! TAKE JARU AWAY AND WHEN THE SUN SINKS LET HIM **DIE!** CARAO RULES NOW IN HIS STEAD!



BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOAT...

LAGO, YOU WERE RIGHT! ANOTHER WEARS THE WHITE ROBE! THEY ARE GOING TO SLAY YOUR FATHER! FOLLOW ME OVER THE MOAT!



QUICKLY. LAGO!

Y-YES, WILD BOY! I WILL VAULT OVER WITH YOU!





SPEARS POISED, THE TWO WARRIORS STRUGGLE FOR POSITION! SUDDENLY...



The End

The Most Dangerous Cow

THIS WAS Ronaldson's first hunting trip to East Africa. That was obvious. Sitting there in his finely-tailored Broad Street tropicals he was the very personification of all "white hunters" who flocked to The Dark Continent in search of sport. As we sat around the table—Ronaldson, Jacobs and I—sipping our gin and tonic, I smiled to myself. Wait until the sun gets at those razor-edged creases in his elegant trousers, I thought. But Ronaldson was young, he would learn. My thoughts were interrupted by Ronaldson's grating voice.

"I just can't see where there's anything to this hunting!" he said, easing back in his chair. "Seems all cut-and-dried to me. Too modern—too scientific. A special hunting car, all sorts of modern equipment and high-powered rifles that are almost small cannon. Too scientific!"

Jacobs flicked the ash off his cigar. "Son, when you hunt big-game you *never* have too much of a jump on any wild beast. Don't forget, you're in *his* back yard. Sometimes they come easy, sometimes, well, you'll find out tomorrow."

The following morning was bright and clear, and N'lombu, our native gun-bearer, had the car fully loaded and ready to roll. Although Jacobs and I had started many a hunting safari in the past twenty years, we both trembled with excitement. For the thrill is always there. We were all keyed-up. But not Ronaldson. He leaned back comfortably in the rear seat, and ran his fingers along the barrel of his rifle. A wide grin told his story: Why be afraid? We're using machines to aid us in this most primitive sport. I wondered whether he would still be smiling when the day was over.

At last we were off, driving across the plains of Tanganyika. We traveled for about an hour, when suddenly: "Look, Simba, Simba!" yelled N'lombu.

We looked up and there, about a football field's length away, stood three lions—a huge male and

two females.

We jumped out of the car and with our rifles shoulder high we advanced toward the big cats. They surveyed us calmly, and then slowly turned and ran into the high grass behind them.

"They're gone for good," called out Ronaldson.

"No, hold your ground! They'll come out again. Cats are a curious lot!" snapped Jacobs.

Jacobs was right. A few moments later the grass parted and Simba stepped out into the clearing. He was a wonderful specimen, one of the finest I had ever seen. Slowly, majestically, he strode toward us. We all raised our rifles . . .

There was a thunderous roar at my side as Ronaldson's Model 70 Winchester sent a charge hurtling into the lion's brain. A perfect shot! The huge, black-maned beast fell in his tracks. The prize every hunter seeks, and rarely finds, was Ronaldson's.

"Just as I told you fellows! Easy—too easy! This poor beast never had a chance."

"How much chance do you think you would have had if your shot had only *wounded* him?" Jacobs said as he looked down at the huge cat.

That evening around the campfire, Jacobs suggested that we try for a Cape buffalo on the following day.

"Buffalo? What kind of guides are you? Maybe I should have brought my bow and arrow!" sneered Ronaldson.

Jacobs lit his cigar and leaned over. "You don't know the Cape buffalo, Ronaldson," he said. "There's nothing on earth as vicious. He never gives up. Any other animal will lose interest and wander off if he can't get you. But not the buffalo. If he trees you, he'll die of thirst waiting for you. If he tramples you he comes back again and again until there's nothing left. And there's no animal in all the world harder to kill. He's smart, crafty,

mean. Now let's get some shut-eye. He only goes out to feed at dawn, and retires to the bush when the sun is up."

It didn't take us long to spot our target the following morning. Instead of one we found four. Ronaldson picked up his glasses and studied the beasts. At a distance they don't look very formidable. But up close they are huge, black brutes with shining ebony horns that are wide-spread and sweep in a curve that ends in needle-sharp tips. These horns spread more than three feet and can rip a man in two.

Ronaldson lowered his glasses. "Cows, just plain cows."

Jacobs was more appreciative. "They're all good heads, I'd say. There's one in particular that's a beauty. I'll bet his spread goes over forty inches." A horn spread of forty or over is considered a great prize.

"Let's circle 'til we're down-wind," I said. "Then we'll see if we can get them to separate. I don't want to tangle with any more than one at a time."

Patiently, slowly, silently, we circled down-wind. The herd of bulls had moved out of sight. They had made no noise. In all probability they had not scented us. But now we couldn't see them, and yet we knew that we were close to them. My tropicals were drenched with perspiration. Where were they? When would they strike? Who was doing the stalking now? Had the hunter become the hunted?

Silence was now imperative.

Suddenly Ronaldson stood up from his crouching position. "What kind of a hunt do you call this? I came here for game not cows!"

As if in answer to this sudden defiance of the jungle code, the brush in front of us parted with the violence of a hurricane whipping through a forest. Crashing out of the thicket, head down, charging with the speed and violence of a locomotive, was the big bull we were seeking. Time stood still. I was frozen with horror by the glint of the sun on those hideous ebony horns. Off to my left I could see Ronaldson frozen with fear; his rifle at his feet.

There was little time to waste. I found my rifle

butt snuggled against my cheek, my eye sighting the brute through the scope. I tried to center the crosshairs on his chest. BLAM!

It was Jacobs' gun exploding, over to my right. Five-hundred grains of steel-jacketed lead smashed into the buffalo—right in the center of the horn base, the only spot where it could possibly do NO DAMAGE. This high-powered slug which could smash through a stout tree at that distance, didn't even slow the bull down. Jacobs might have fired a .22 caliber rabbit gun for all the damage it did. Now the charging animal swerved to the left—directly toward Ronaldson—Ronaldson turned to run. Then suddenly, he tripped over his rifle, and fell to the ground. The bull lowered his head and charged. I moved between Ronaldson and the beast, fixed my sights once again, low behind the shoulder, and . . . VROOM! A stream of blood spurted out of the hole like a geyser, AND STILL HE CHARGED! He didn't even swerve.

VROOM! I fired again, aiming at the spine. Again a hit and still he kept his feet. Only this time he wheeled about, blind with pain and rage as his life's blood ebbed. BLAM! Jacobs' piece dealt the knockout blow, and the bull staggered off into the brush where he crashed to his knees. I, too, fell to my knees, exhausted and weak. But the job had to be finished, and Jacobs cautiously followed the bull into the brush. A loud report echoed throughout the jungle. The killer had met his match.

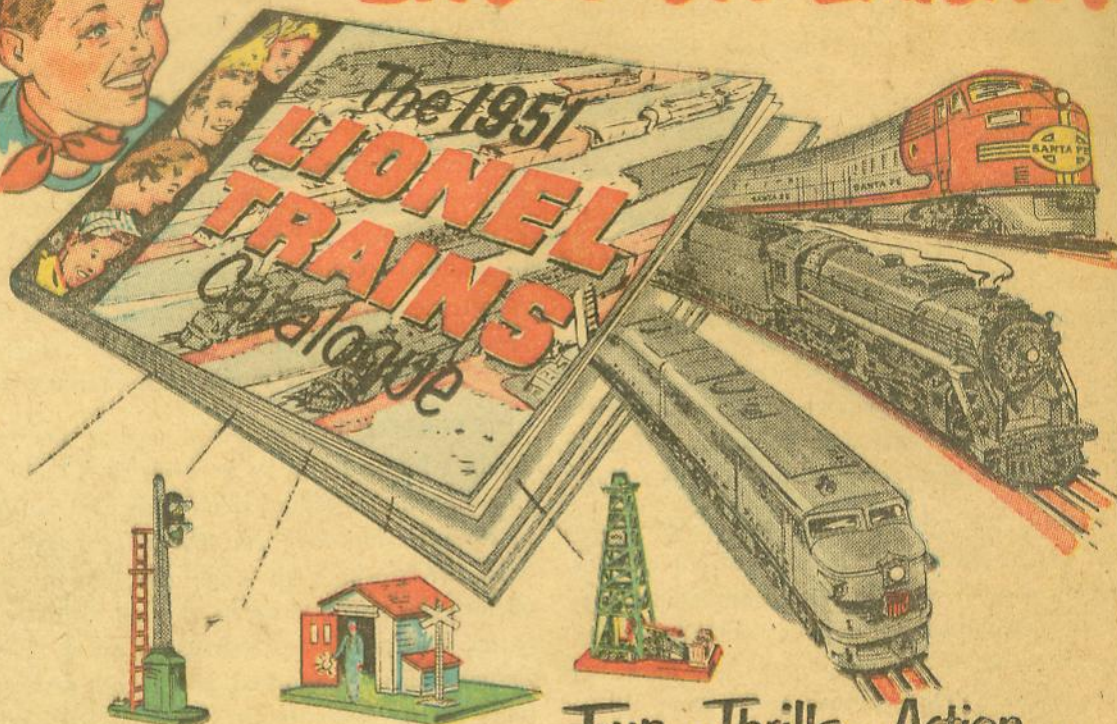
It was not until then, in this post-battle silence that we noticed Ronaldson. He was sitting on the ground, his tropicals soiled with sweat and mud, and was weeping softly. Ronaldson need not have been ashamed of those tears.

I thought back twenty years to my first safari in these same regions. Hadn't I felt much the same as this youngster? It was not until I had learned to fear and respect the African plains and jungles, that I had become a professional hunter. Ronaldson smiled as Jacobs and I lifted him to his feet, and reassuringly clapped him on the back. And with that smile I knew that Ronaldson would be back again and again . . . he had learned to fear and respect Africa.

THE END

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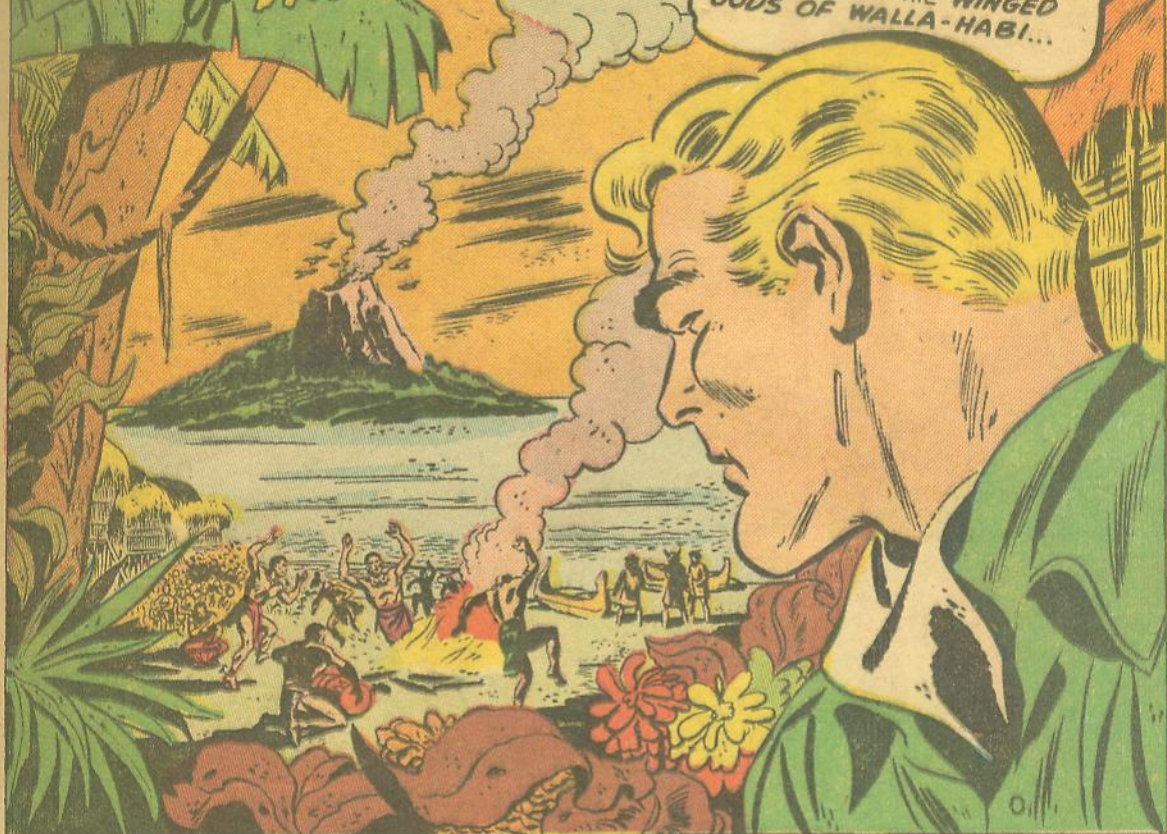
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JOE BARTON

in the WINGED GODS of WALLA-HABI

NORTH OF TIMOR A STRING OF TINY ISLETS STRETCH FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES, MANY OF THEM UNCHARTED AND UNEXPLORED. ON ONE OF THESE RISES THE GREAT WALLA-HABI VOLCANO. THERE JOE BARTON NEARLY HAD HIS LAST ADVENTURE WHEN HE DARED TO FACE THE WINGED GODS OF WALLA-HABI...



OUR STORY OPENS IN A SMOKY CAFE IN AN INDONESIAN PORT. JOE WATCHES A NATIVE APPROACH HIM FURTIVELY...

SUDDENLY, SUBI LOOKS TOWARD THE DOOR AND FREEZES WITH FEAR...

BWANA BARTON... ME SUBI! MY BROTHER SUMI TELL ME SEE JOE BARTON! TELL HIM ABOUT GOLD AND GODS THAT FLY!

WHAT'S THIS? GOLD AND GODS THAT FLY?

OH! ME GO NOW! TWO FELLA BELONG BOOM-BOOM! VERY EVIL!

HOLD ON A MINUTE! NO ONE'S GOING TO HURT YOU!





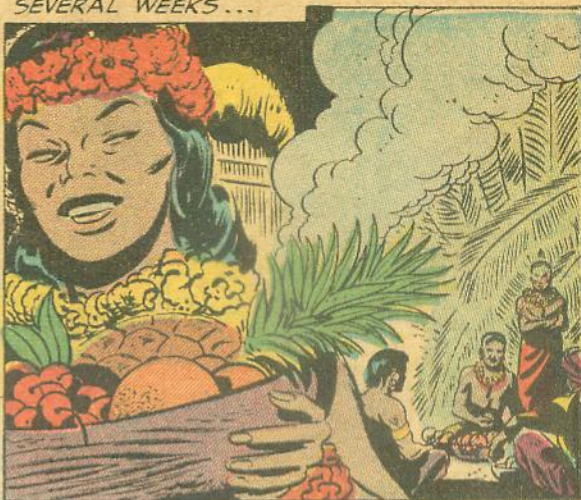
SUMI TELLS JOE HIS AMAZING STORY! THE TWO BROTHERS OUT ON A FISHING TRIP WERE BLOWN FAR OFF THEIR COURSE BY A SUDDEN STORM! THEN THEY SIGHTED THE ISLAND...

THE NATIVES ON THE ISLAND WERE FRIENDLY, AND THE TWO BROTHERS STAYED THERE SEVERAL WEEKS...



SUBI, WE HEAD FOR ISLAND, MAYBE WE FIND FOOD AND WATER THERE!

ME NO LIKE...THIS ISLAND IS STRANGE!



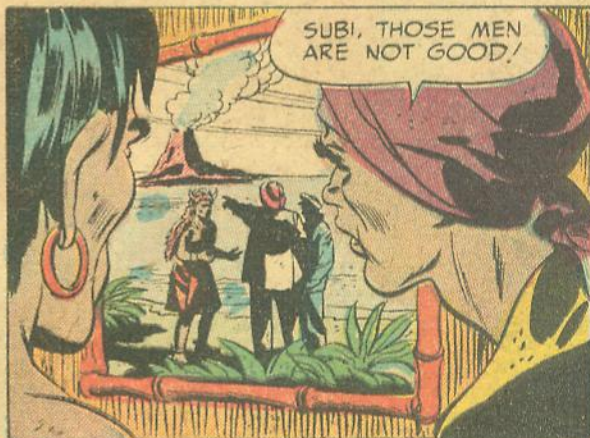
THEN, ONE NIGHT ON THE BEACH...



LOOK! THE VOLCANO! MEN WITH WINGS!

NO... NOT MEN-- GODS! THEY ARE THE WINGED GODS OF WALLA-HABI! GO BACK TO THE VILLAGE...IT IS NOT GOOD TO LOOK UPON THE GODS!

SOME DAYS LATER, TWO WHITE MEN CAME TO THE ISLAND AND TALKED A LONG TIME TO THE CHIEF! SUMI AND SUBI WERE KEPT IN A HUT ALL THE TIME THEY WERE THERE! THE BROTHERS SENSED THAT SOMETHING EVIL WAS IN THE AIR...



SUBI, THOSE MEN ARE NOT GOOD!

A FEW DAYS LATER, THE NATIVES BEGAN PREPARATIONS FOR A GREAT SEA TRIP! FINALLY, BY QUESTIONING A NATIVE LAD, THE TWO BROTHERS WERE ABLE TO LEARN THE SECRET...

THAT NIGHT, THE TWO BROTHERS PADDOLED AWAY FROM THE ISLAND SECRETLY, DETERMINED TO REACH THE COAST, GET A LARGE BOAT AND SUPPLIES AND VISIT THE STRANGE VOLCANO...

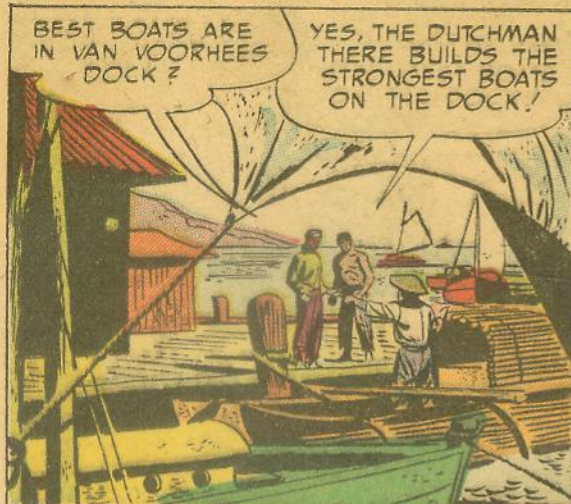


YES, MY PEOPLE MAKE THIS TRIP EVERY YEAR BEFORE THE MONSOON! THEY GO TO THE WALLA-HABI TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT WINGED GOD! THEN THEY TAKE FLOWERS TO THE CAVE OF GOLD!

THERE IS GOLD IN THE VOLCANO!

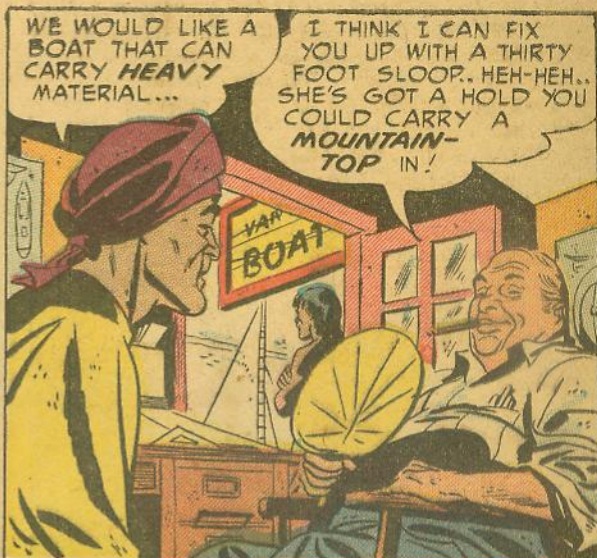


REACHING THE COASTAL TOWN OF KANDARI IN CELEBES. THEY SET ABOUT HIRING A BOAT...



BEST BOATS ARE IN VAN VORHEES DOCK?

YES, THE DUTCHMAN THERE BUILDS THE STRONGEST BOATS ON THE DOCK!



WE WOULD LIKE A BOAT THAT CAN CARRY **HEAVY** MATERIAL...

I THINK I CAN FIX YOU UP WITH A THIRTY FOOT SLOOP. HEH-HEH... SHE'S GOT A HOLD YOU COULD CARRY A **MOUNTAIN-TOP** IN!



SUMI! COME QUICKLY! THE MEN FROM THE ISLAND ARE HERE!

THEY ARE AFTER US! QUICKLY, SUBI, OUT BACK DOOR!



I AM SURE I SAW THEM COME IN HERE...

YES, WE MUST HAVE JUST MISSED THEM!



SUBI, WE MUST FORGET ABOUT TAKING GOLD FROM CAVES OF THE VOLCANO! THERE IS SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT THE "WINGED GODS!"

YES, I WILL GO AND FIND BWANA **JOE BARTON!** IF THE WHITE MEN ARE EVIL... HE WILL STOP THEM!



THE REST YOU KNOW, BWANA! THE EVIL MEN KILLED MY BROTHER! WE THOUGHT TO STEAL GOLD FROM THE CAVES...NOW WE PAY FOR IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT, SUMI! HOWEVER, THOSE WHITE MEN KILLED YOUR BROTHER AND THEY'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, JOE STARTS HIS INVESTIGATION...

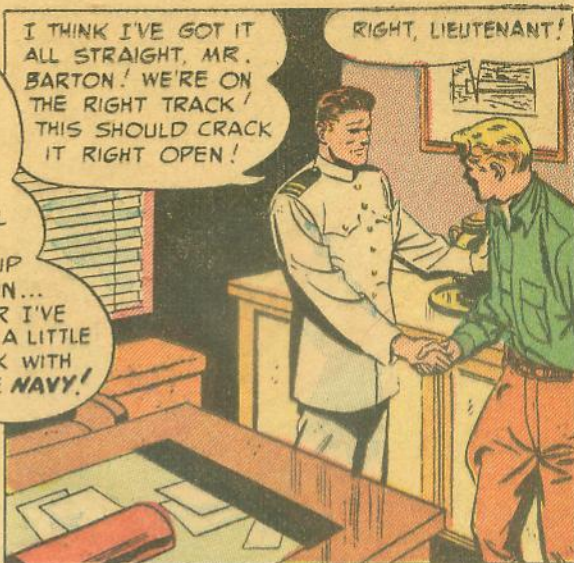


YES, MR. BARTON, AFTER THE TWO MEN LEFT, AN AMERICAN NAVY LIEUTENANT WAS IN HERE ASKING ABOUT THEM. IT SEEMS AS IF EVERYONE IN THE WATERFRONT IS PURSUING SOMEONE ELSE!

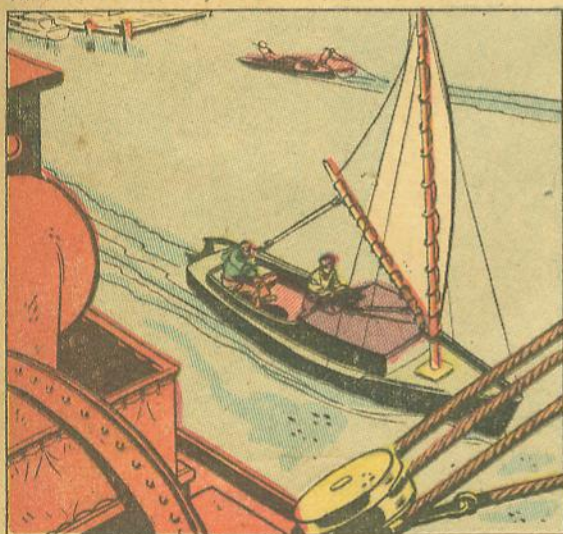
WELL, MAYBE NOT **EVERYONE**, VAN VOORHEES... BUT YOUR INFORMATION HAS HELPED A LOT. NOW I WANT YOU TO GET A SMALL FAST SLOOP READY FOR ME! I'LL PICK IT UP THIS AFTERNOON... AFTER I'VE HAD A LITTLE TALK WITH THE NAVY!

I THINK I'VE GOT IT ALL STRAIGHT, MR. BARTON! WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! THIS SHOULD CRACK IT RIGHT OPEN!

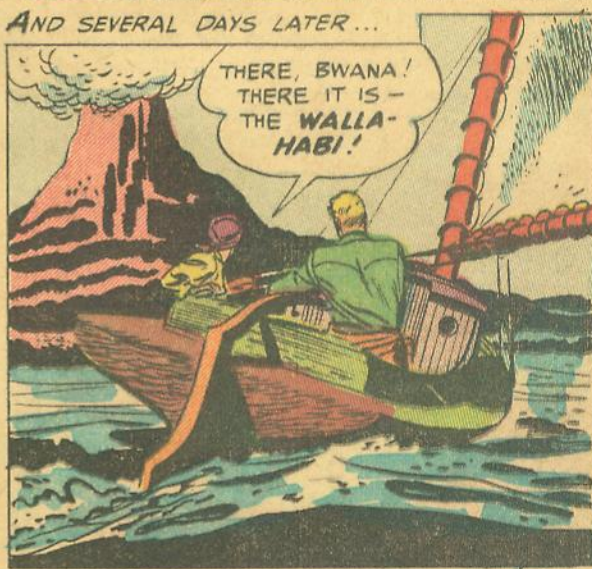
RIGHT, LIEUTENANT!



THAT AFTERNOON, JOE BARTON SETS OUT...



AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER...



THERE, BWANA! THERE IT IS - THE WALLAHABI!

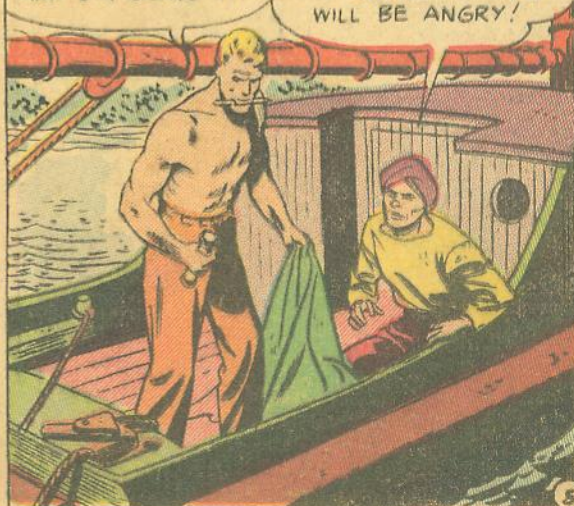
WELL, WE'VE COMPLETELY CIRCLED IT, BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY WAY TO GET IN! PERHAPS IT'S ALL JUST...

BWANA... LOOK! THERE IS AN ENTRANCE CAVE! UNDER THE WATER!



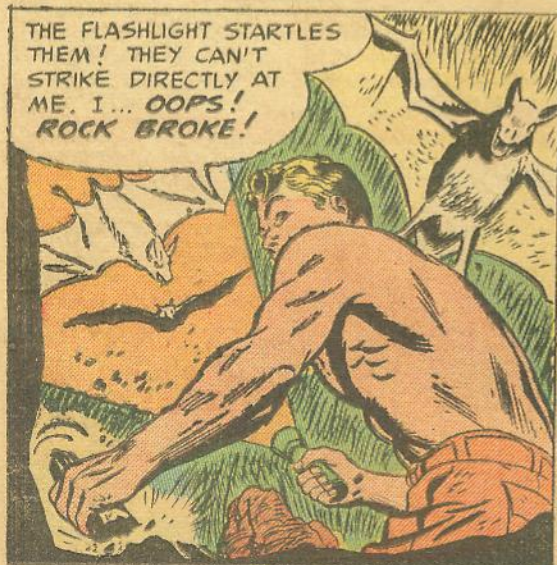
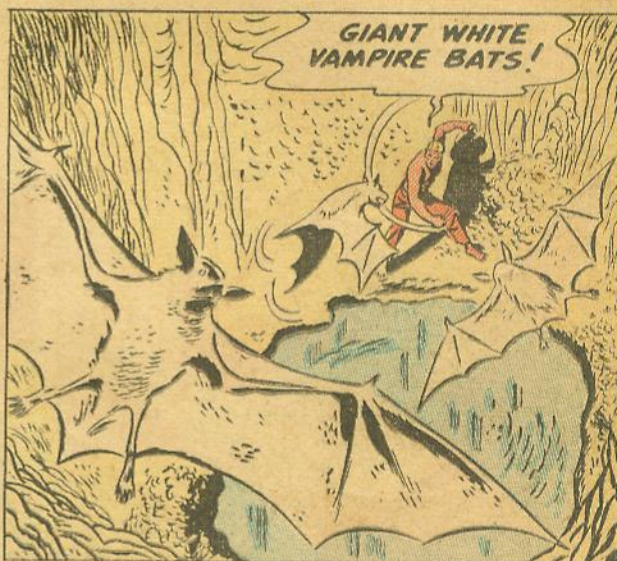
YOU'RE RIGHT SUMI! AND I'M GOING IN!

BWANA... BE CAREFUL! THE WINGED GODS WILL BE ANGRY!

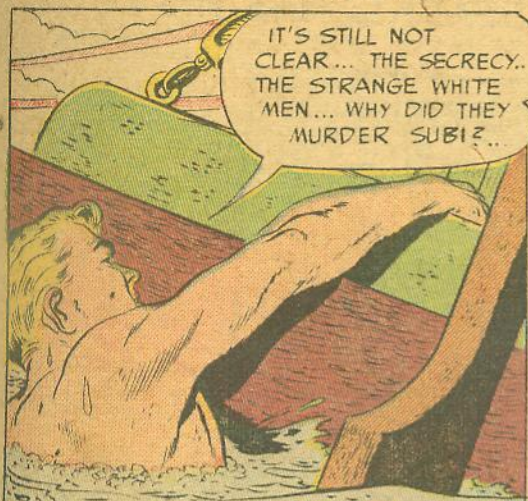




AS IF IN ANSWER TO JOE'S QUESTION, FROM THE ROOFLESS GROTTO THE **WINGED GODS OF WALLA HABI** COME HURLING DOWN!



QUICKLY JOE EVADES THE BATS AND DIVES BACK THROUGH THE UNDERWATER ENTRANCE...



AND WE MUST ALSO MURDER YOU, MEDDLER! THE VOLCANO GROTTO IS RICH IN HIGH-GRADE URANIUM ORE!

OH-OH!



WHEN WE SAW YOUR BOAT WE CAME OUT FROM THE ISLAND TO "WELCOME" YOU, MR. BARTON!

YES, NOW THE NATIVES ON THE ISLAND WILL HAVE TWO "SACRIFICES" TO MAKE TO THEIR GREAT WINGED GODS! HA! HA!

TYPICAL OF YOUR METHODS! GETTING THESE POOR NATIVES TO DO YOUR DIRTY 'WORK'



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

WHERE ARE THEY ALL? I TOLD THE CHIEF HE WOULD HAVE SACRIFICES... HAS HE PREPARED EVERYTHING?

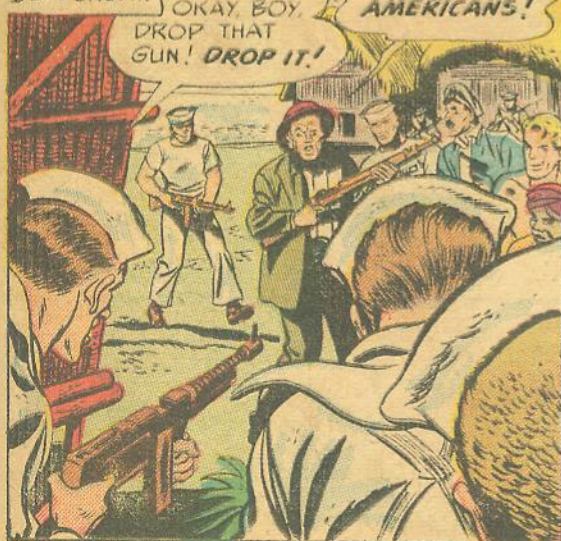
MAYBE THEY ARE IN THE HUTS, IVAN!



SUDDENLY...

OKAY, BOY, DROP THAT GUN! DROP IT!

AMERICANS!



WELL, BARTON, IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! WHILE THEY WERE OUT AMBUSHING YOU... WE LAID A LITTLE TRAP OF OUR OWN! YOU SURE GAVE ME A RED HOT TIP!

I HAD A FEELING ENEMY AGENTS WERE MIXED UP IN THIS SOMEWHERE, LIEUTENANT! NOW WE'VE GOT THEM... AND THE FREE

WORLD HAS A NEW SOURCE OF HIGH-GRADE URANIUM ORE! WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE WINGED GODS OF WALLA-HABI!



The END

Hey, Kids! NOW SPARKIE HAS HIS OWN COMICS BOOK!

SPARKIE

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SPARKIE

10¢



A Thrill A Minute THE HUMAN FLY

GET
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(WINTER)

OUT
TODAY

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Wild
Adventure!
Loads
of Fun!
As
YOU
Play
"WHO
AM I?"
WITH
SPARKIE!

Sail the briny
sea with him
to far off
TREASURE
ISLAND!

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WILD BOY

THE COMING OF DARO!

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF JUNGLE HUNTERS. ONE IS A SPORTSMAN, THE OTHER IS A KILLER! THE LATTER IS THE MOST HATED MAN IN THE JUNGLE - HUNTING FOR THE SHEER LUST OF KILLING. BYRON PHELPS AND JIM FERRIS WERE OF THAT KIND. WE SEE THEM NOW AS THEY RELENTLESSLY HUNT DOWN A WOUNDED PANTHER...



AS THE "HUNTERS" DEPART WITH THEIR PRIZE, THE TALL GRASS STIRS AND A TINY CUB PEERS OUT, FRIGHTENED AND ALONE, HE STARES QUESTIONINGLY AFTER THE RETREATING FORM OF HIS DEAD MOTHER...



EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AS WILD BOY AND KEETO ARE ABOUT TO BREAK CAMP...



ARRIVING AT THE HOME OF THE GIANT APES, WILD BOY APPROACHES AARG, THE OLD LEADER...





YOU ARE MY LAST HOPE, MOOKA! I KNOW HOW SADDENED YOU ARE BY THE DEATH OF YOUR OWN LITTLE ONE - BUT HERE IS ONE TO TAKE ITS PLACE!



RAISE HIM AS YOUR OWN! AND YOU MAY BE REWARDED BY THE LOVE HE WILL GIVE YOU IN RETURN!

AS THE MOTHER APE TENDERLY TAKES THE LITTLE CUB IN HER ARMS, OLD AARG MOVES FORWARD...



THE NEW CHILD WILL MAKE HER HAPPY AGAIN, AARG, AND SOME DAY YOUR TRIBE WILL HAVE A NEW AND POWERFUL FRIEND!



THE MONTHS PASS, THE SEASONS CHANGE, AND THE ONCE TINY CUB NOW ATTAINS MATURITY WITH ASTONISHING SPEED...

I HAVE NAMED HIM **DARO** BECAUSE OF HIS GREAT DARING! NOW HE SHALL JOIN US IN THE HUNT, KEETO!

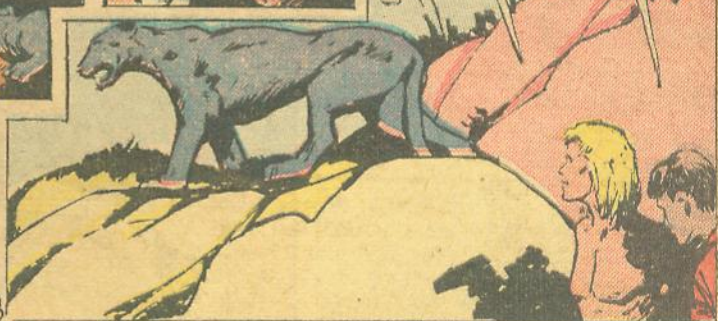
YOU ARE ASKING TOO MUCH, WILD BOY! THE CALL OF THE JUNGLE IS TOO STRONG! SOME DAY DARO MUST LEAVE US!



AND THAT SAME NIGHT, THE RESTLESS DARO SLINKS FORWARD INTO THE VELVET DARKNESS...



IT'S **DARO!** I'D BETTER TRAIL HIM!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE ...



IT'S BEEN TWO YEARS SINCE WE STRUCK THESE PARTS, FERRIS! THINK WE'LL DO AS WELL AS LAST TIME?

I'LL SETTLE FOR ANOTHER BLACK PANTHER! THOSE BABIES PACK MORE KICKS THAN A HERD OF ELEPHANTS!



THINKING ALL MEN TO BE AS FRIENDLY AS WILD BOY, DARO INNOCENTLY LOOKS ON AS FERRIS TAKES AIM...



DO YOU REALIZE
WHAT THIS BOY IS
WORTH TO US?
I KNOW A CARNIVAL
MAN WHO'LL PAY
PLENTY FOR HIM!

WHAT'RE WE WAITIN'
FOR? TRUSS HIM UP
AND HELP ME GET
HIM BACK
TO CAMP!

THAT EVENING IN THE HUNTER'S CAMP...

HE'S GOT
MORE FIGHT
IN HIM THAN
HIS PANTHER
PAL - BUT HE'LL
SLEEP IT OFF
BY MORNING!

WE'D BETTER GET
TO SLEEP OUR-
SELVES! WE'LL
NEED AN EARLY
START TO
MAKE
GOOD TIME
TO THE
COAST.

WHEN THE MOON RISES, A LITHE FORM SLINKS
FORWARD...

IT'S
DARO!

GOOD WORK, DARO!
YOU WERE MY
LAST HOPE!

DID YOU HEAR
A NOISE, FERRIS?

IT MIGHT BE THE WHITE
SAVAGE TRYING TO
BREAK OUT OF
HIS CAGE! WE'D
BETTER GET
HIM!

PANTHERS!



MOMENTS LATER, WILD BOY CAME OFF THE PACK...



LET THEM GO! THEY WILL NEVER RETURN AGAIN, AND THEIR STORY WILL DISCOURAGE OTHERS OF THEIR KIND FROM SETTING FOOT IN OUR JUNGLE!



WHEN KEETO JOINS WILD BOY IN THE MORNING, A STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE...



DARO HAS PROVEN HIS FRIENDSHIP! BUT HE HAS ALSO EARNED HIS FREEDOM! HE IS FREE TO GO, KEETO!

COME, KEETO, LET US LEAVE QUICKLY!

IT HAD TO END THIS WAY, WILD BOY! THE GREAT CATS AND MAN COULD NEVER LIVE SIDE BY SIDE!



THAT EVENING...



DO NOT WORRY, WILD BOY! AS TIME PASSES.

QUIET, KEETO! SOMETHING STIRS!



WHEN DAWN COMES, THREE FIGURES MOVE THROUGH THE SILENT JUNGLE. A STRANGE TRIO - DARO, KEETO AND WILD BOY, BUT KNIT TO EACH OTHER BY THE EVER-GROWING BONDS OF ENDURING FRIENDSHIP...



WILD BOY! DARO HAS COME BACK TO US!

HE HAS, KEETO! HE TRULY HAS! I HAD HOPED FOR THIS!



THE END

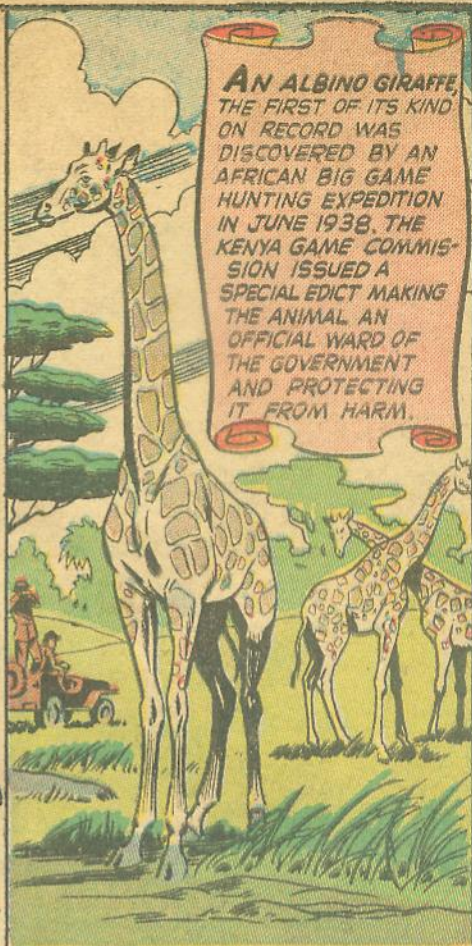
Jungle ODDITIES

TERMITE NESTS IN AFRICA ARE 1000 TIMES THE HEIGHT OF THE LITTLE INSECTS THAT BUILD THEM...



THE RHUMBA ORIGINATED IN THE NATIVE DANCES OF THE NEGRO TRIBES IN AFRICA. THE MOVEMENTS AND RHYTHM WERE BROUGHT TO LATIN AMERICA BY SLAVES. SPANISH MELODIES WERE ADAPTED TO THE DANCE.

TIGERS ARE NEVER FOUND IN JUNGLES. THESE ANIMALS GENERALLY ROAM THE OPEN COUNTRY IN SEARCH OF THEIR PREY, AND TEND TO SHY AWAY FROM DENSELY POPULATED AREAS.



AN ALBINO GIRAFFE, THE FIRST OF ITS KIND ON RECORD WAS DISCOVERED BY AN AFRICAN BIG GAME HUNTING EXPEDITION IN JUNE 1938. THE KENYA GAME COMMISSION ISSUED A SPECIAL EDICT MAKING THE ANIMAL AN OFFICIAL WARD OF THE GOVERNMENT AND PROTECTING IT FROM HARM.

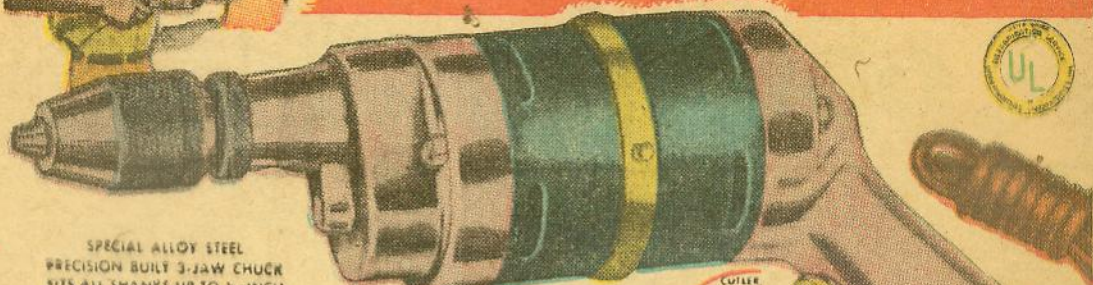


HOME OF THE PYGMIES, AFRICA ALSO PRODUCES THE WORLD'S TALLEST PEOPLE, THE AVERAGE HEIGHT OF THE BATUTSI TRIBE IS SEVEN FEET!



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Frank Seade-ANIMAL TRAINER!

The PACHYDERMS!



HELLO, FOLKS, HERE I AM, READY TO BRING YOU ANOTHER ACTION AND INFORMATION-PACKED FEATURE ON WILD ANIMALS! THIS TIME WE'RE GOING TO LOOK AT THE PACHYDERMS, THE BIGGEST BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE!



"THE RHINOCEROS, A LAZY, BAD-TEMPERED ANIMAL, IS THE BANE OF HUNTERS! ITS TOUGH, HORNY HIDE WHICH HANGS IN HEAVY FOLDS AROUND ITS NECK AND FORE-QUARTERS, CAN BE PIERCED BY ONLY THE HEAVIEST ELEPHANT GUN!"

HEAD FOR THE TREES!
OUR GUNS AREN'T HEAVY ENOUGH TO STOP THIS RHINO!



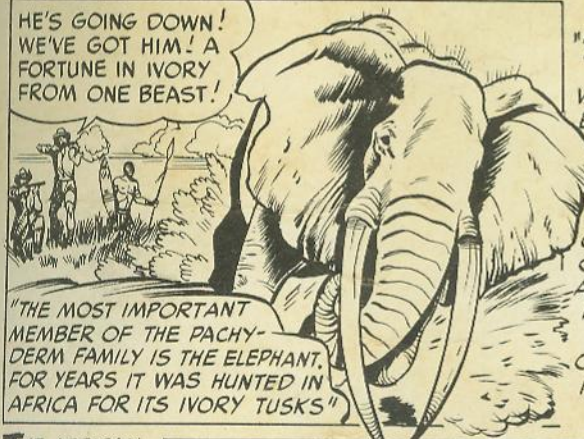
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, WHICH MEANS "RIVER HORSE", IS REASONABLY WELL-MANNERED WHEN NOT DISTURBED, BUT WHEN HE IS ANNOYED...



AIEE! FLEE!!

THE CLUMSY FOOL WHO WAKENED THE RIVER HORSE DESERVES TO DIE!

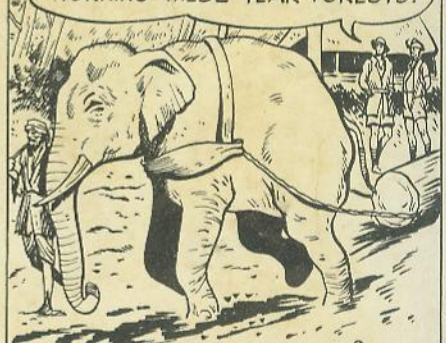
HE'S GOING DOWN! WE'VE GOT HIM! A FORTUNE IN IVORY FROM ONE BEAST!



"THE MOST IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE PACHYDERM FAMILY IS THE ELEPHANT. FOR YEARS IT WAS HUNTED IN AFRICA FOR ITS IVORY TUSKS"

"THERE ARE SEVERAL VARIETIES OF ELEPHANTS. THE INDIAN ELEPHANT HAS BEEN DOMESTICATED FOR CENTURIES AND IS AN IMPORTANT BEAST OF BURDEN IN ASIA."

AMAZING CREATURES! I DON'T THINK TRACTORS COULD BEAT THEM WORKING THESE TEAK FORESTS!



THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT IS THE LARGEST. HE STANDS ELEVEN FEET AT THE SHOULDER, AGAINST NINE FOR HIS INDIAN RELATIVE. HOWEVER THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT CANNOT BE DOMESTICATED.



LOOK OUT! HE'S GONE CRAZY! WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP TRYING TO TRAIN HIM!

THE PYGMY ELEPHANT OF WEST AFRICA, ONLY FIVE TO SEVEN FEET TALL, IS WILD AND UNPREDICTABLE! HE'S NO VALUE TO MAN.



"THE PERFORMING ELEPHANTS IN CIRCUSES ARE ALMOST ALWAYS THE GENTLE, WELL-TEMPERED INDIAN ELEPHANTS"





Wild Boy